Pop to page 19 for Pink Panther

TV COMIC

4p

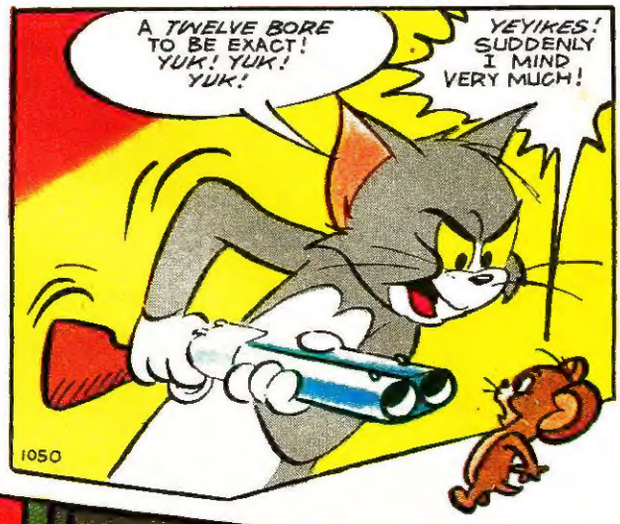
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

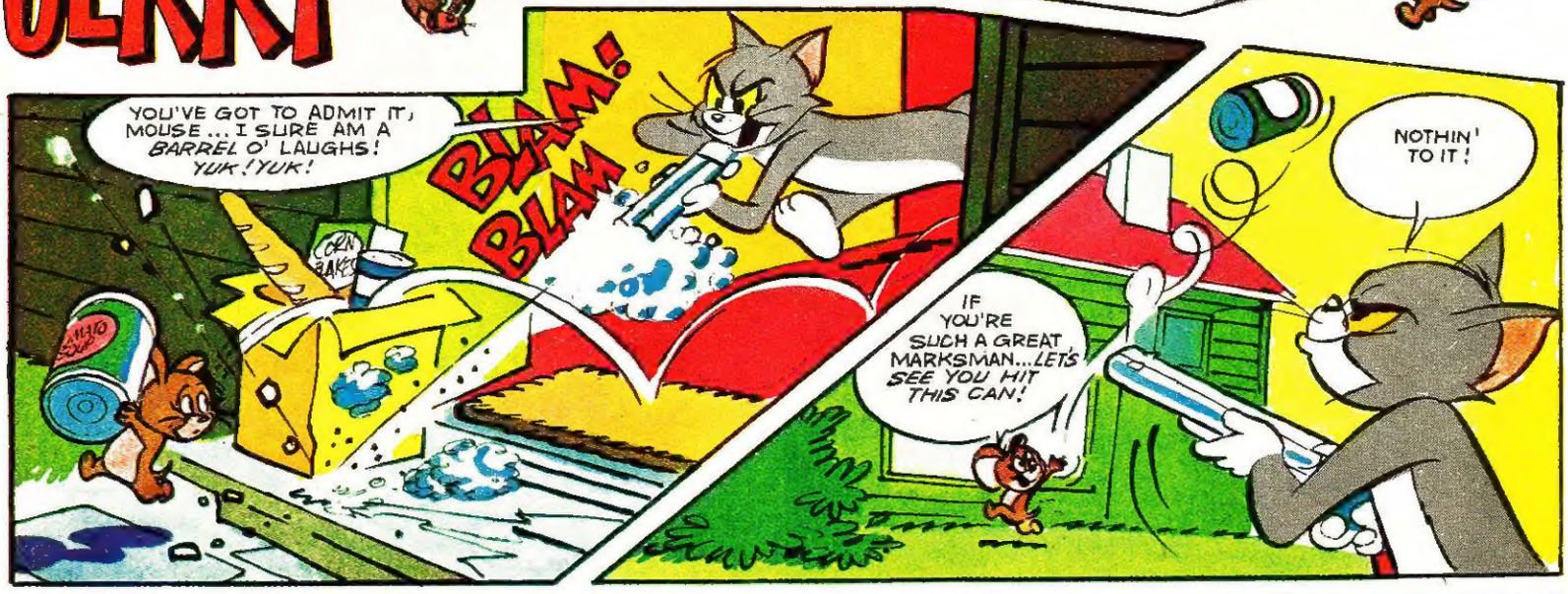
Every Monday

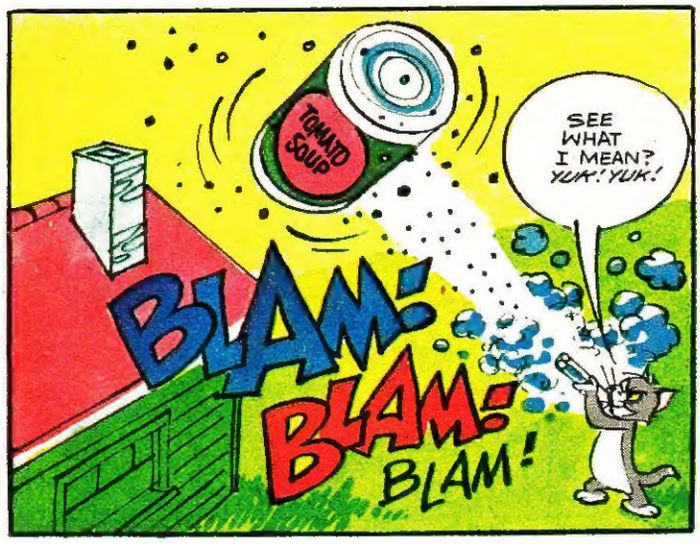
Week Ending 29th January, 1972

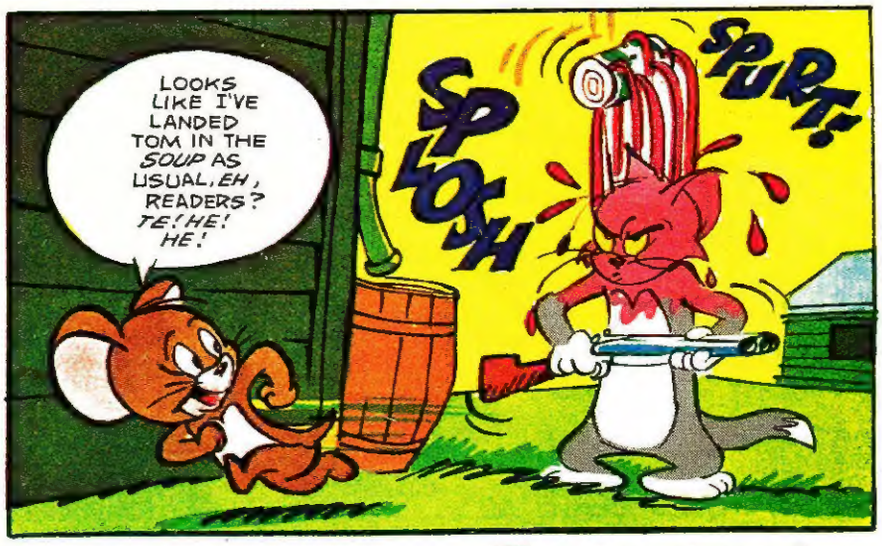
Number 1050

TOM and JERRY




YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT, MOUSE... I SURE AM A BARREL O' LAUGHS! YUK! YUK!
BLAM! BLAM!
NOTHIN' TO IT!
IF YOU'RE SUCH A GREAT MARKSMAN... LET'S SEE YOU HIT THIS CAN!





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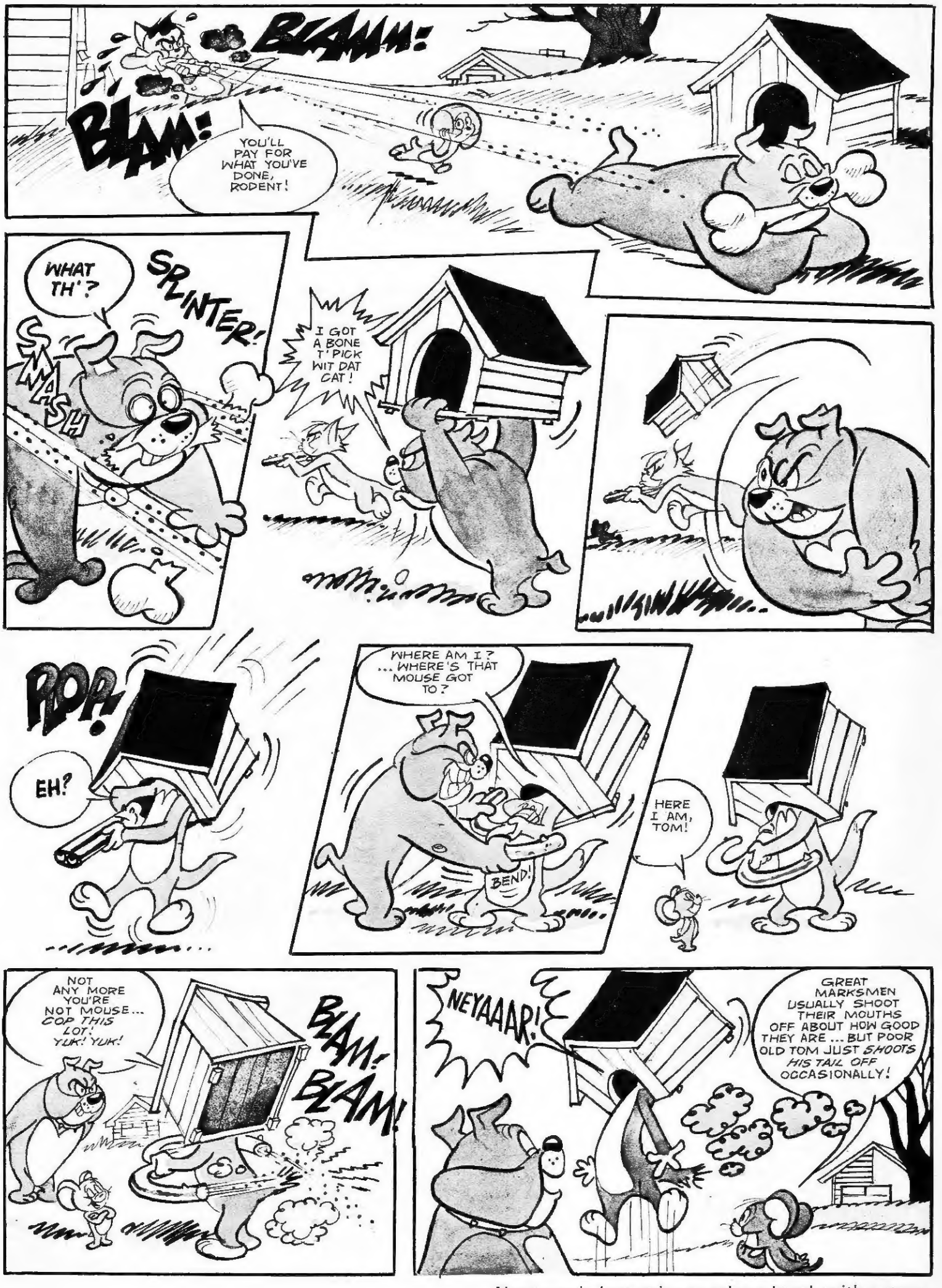
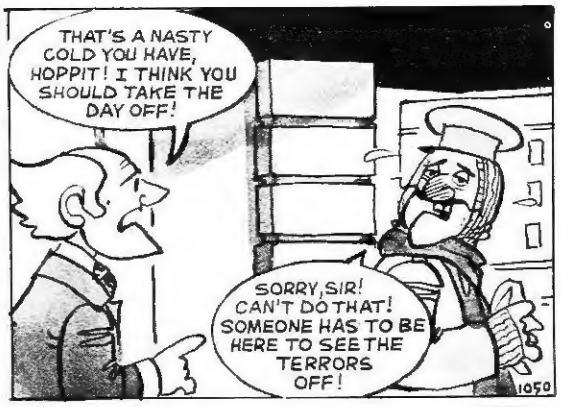
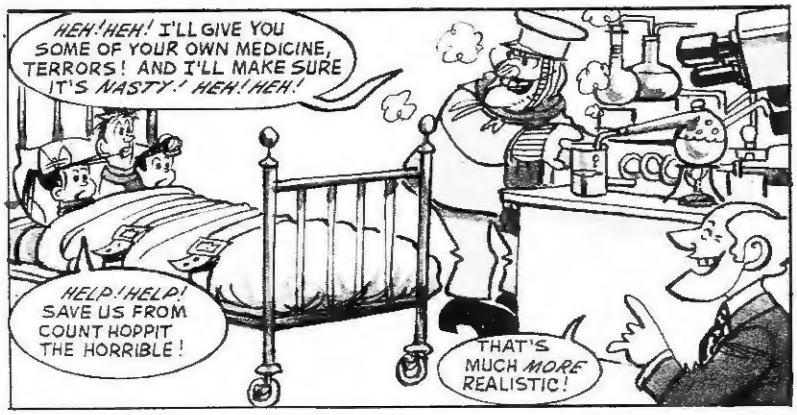

BLAAM!
BLAM!
YOU'LL PAY FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE, RODENT!
WHAT TH'?
SMASH
SPRINTER!
I GOT A BONE T'PICK WIT DAT CAT!
POP!
EH?
WHERE AM I? ... WHERE'S THAT MOUSE GOT TO?
BEND!
HERE I AM, TOM!
NOT ANY MORE YOU'RE NOT MOUSE... COP THIS LOT! YUK! YUK!
BLAM-BLAM!
NEYAAAR!
GREAT MARKSMEN USUALLY SHOOT THEIR MOUTHS OFF ABOUT HOW GOOD THEY ARE ... BUT POOR OLD TOM JUST SHOOTS HIS TAIL OFF OCCASIONALLY!

Next week Jerry tries to raise a laugh with a razor.

TV TERRORS


THAT'S A NASTY COLD YOU HAVE, HOPPIT! I THINK YOU SHOULD TAKE THE DAY OFF!
SORRY, SIR! CAN'T DO THAT! SOMEONE HAS TO BE HERE TO SEE THE TERRORS OFF!
1050

BACK AT THE STUDIO...
NO! NO! NO! LET'S TRY THAT AGAIN! NOT NEARLY REALISTIC ENOUGH!
OH, BOY! I LOVE WATCHING HORROR SCENES BEING FILMED!
SCENE 6
COUNT DRACU
LABORATORY


HEH! HEH! I'LL GIVE YOU SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, TERRORS! AND I'LL MAKE SURE IT'S NASTY! HEH! HEH!
HELP! HELP! SAVE US FROM COUNT HOPPIT THE HORRIBLE!
THAT'S MUCH MORE REALISTIC!

More fun with the TV Terrors next week.

THE AVENGERS

A MAN called Plantagenet Jones has stolen a film showing the future of Earth from gnome-like visitors from another world. While investigating the matter, John Steed and Tara King are captured by the gnomes and taken to the Halls of Time, on the far side of the Milky Way where, with Plantagenet Jones, they are brought to trial.

1050
IF YOU HAD SEEN THE FILM AND DISCOVERED THE FUTURE OF YOUR WORLD, I WOULD HAVE BEEN FORCED TO KEEP YOU HERE FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS!

AS IT IS, THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN NO GREAT HARM DONE, SO I WILL ALLOW YOU TO RETURN TO EARTH!
THANK YOU, YOUR LORDSHIP, BUT I'M AFRAID SOME HARM HAS BEEN DONE ALREADY!

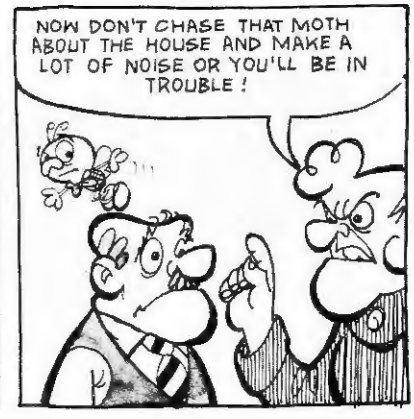
STEED - WHERE ARE WE?
I'M NOT CERTAIN, TARA... BUT I FEEL AS IF WE'RE TRAVELLING A LONG, LONG WAY AND...
GOOD GRIEF... WE'RE OUTSIDE MOTHER'S HOUSE!
AND ALL THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE HAVE ARRIVED!

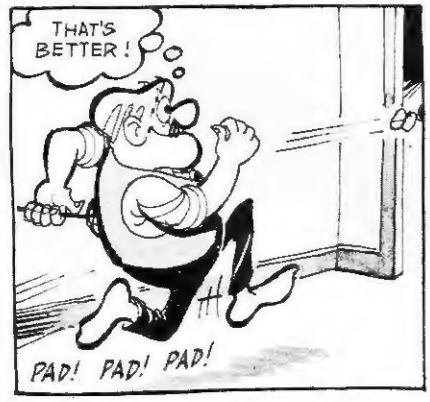
WELL, WHAT DO WE DO NOW, STEED?
GO IN AND FACE THE MUSIC, I SUPPOSE, TARA - AND JUST HOPE THAT OLD FATHER TIME WILL KEEP HIS PROMISE TO HELP US!

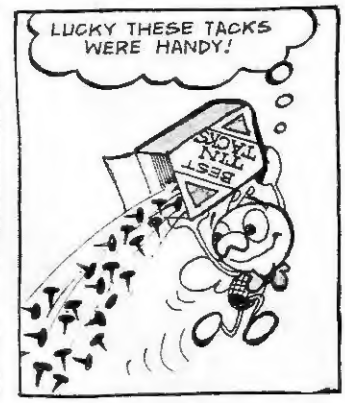
Based on the Thames Television production

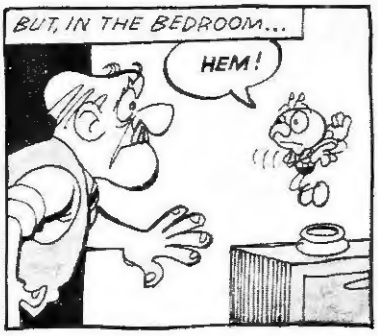
Will the Time Lord keep his promise ?

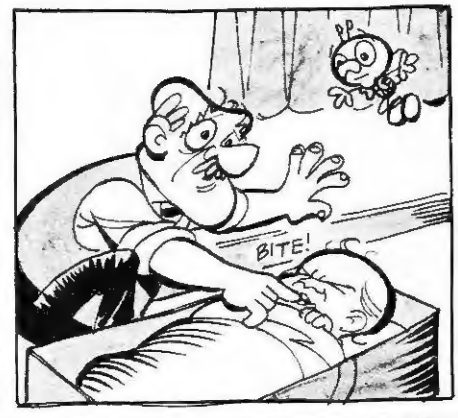
Mighty Moth

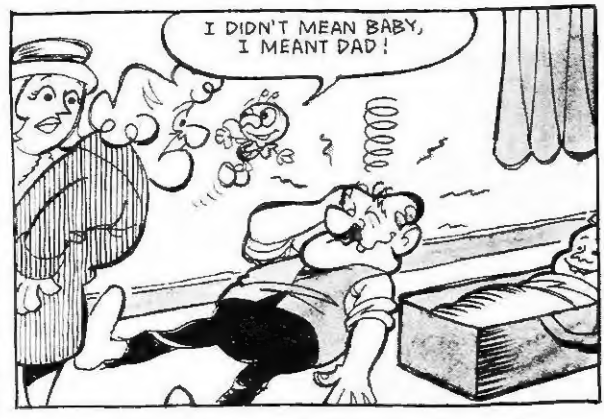






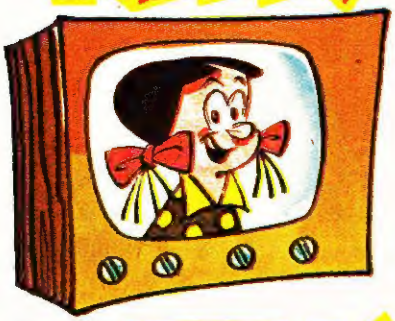


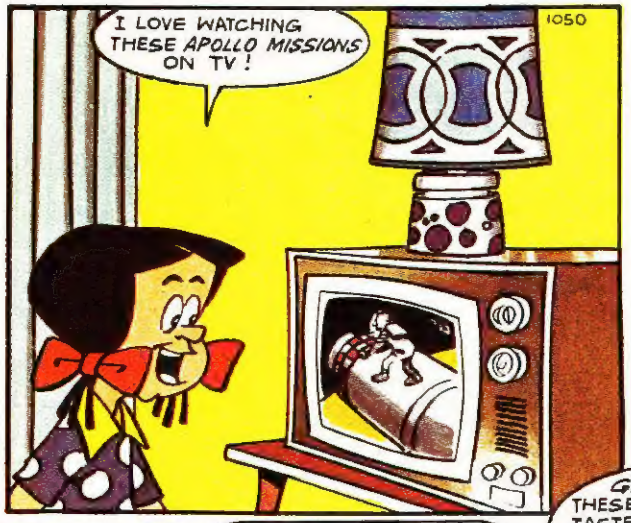


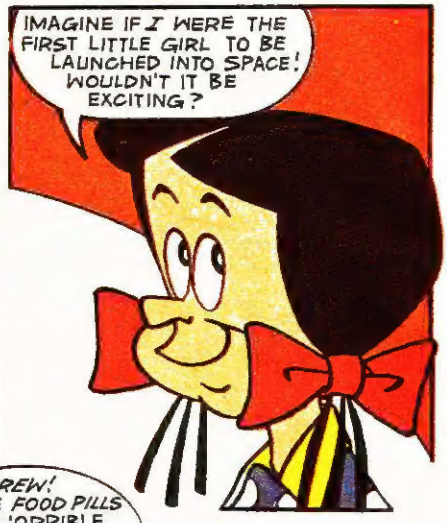


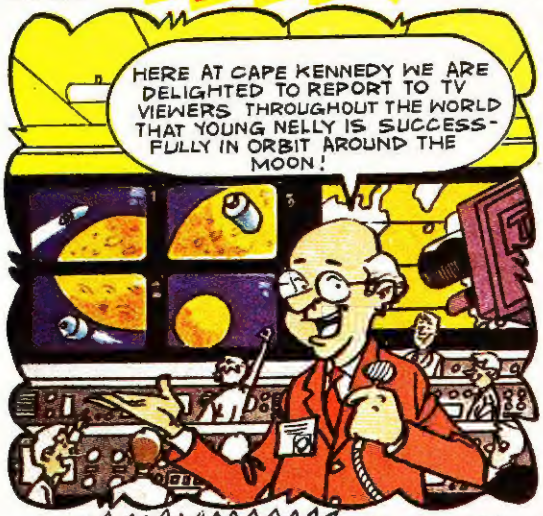
More mothy mirth in our next issue.

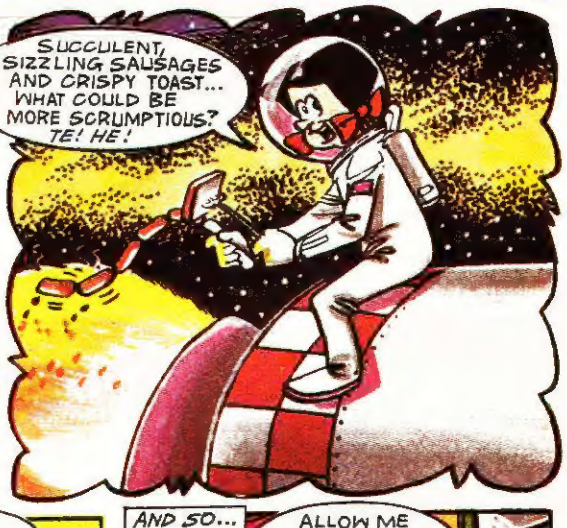
NELLY and her TELLY

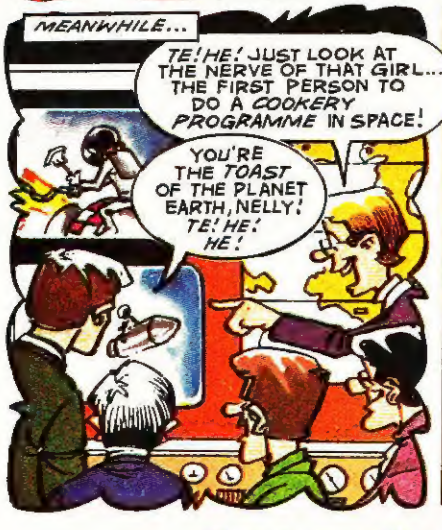


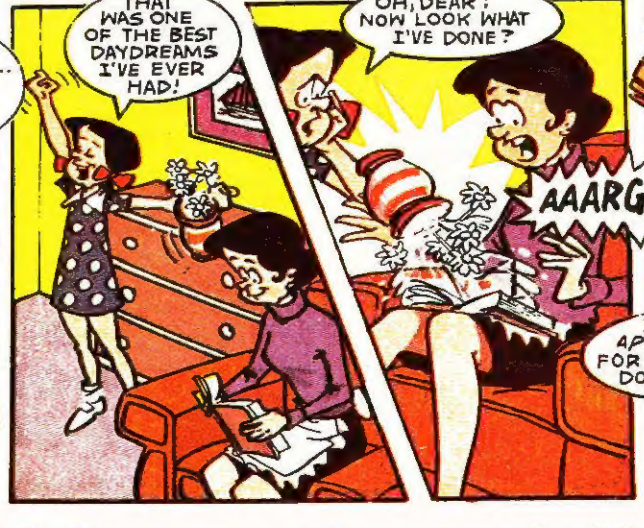





HERE AT CAPE KENNEDY WE ARE DELIGHTED TO REPORT TO TV VIEWERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD THAT YOUNG NELLY IS SUCCESSFULLY IN ORBIT AROUND THE MOON!



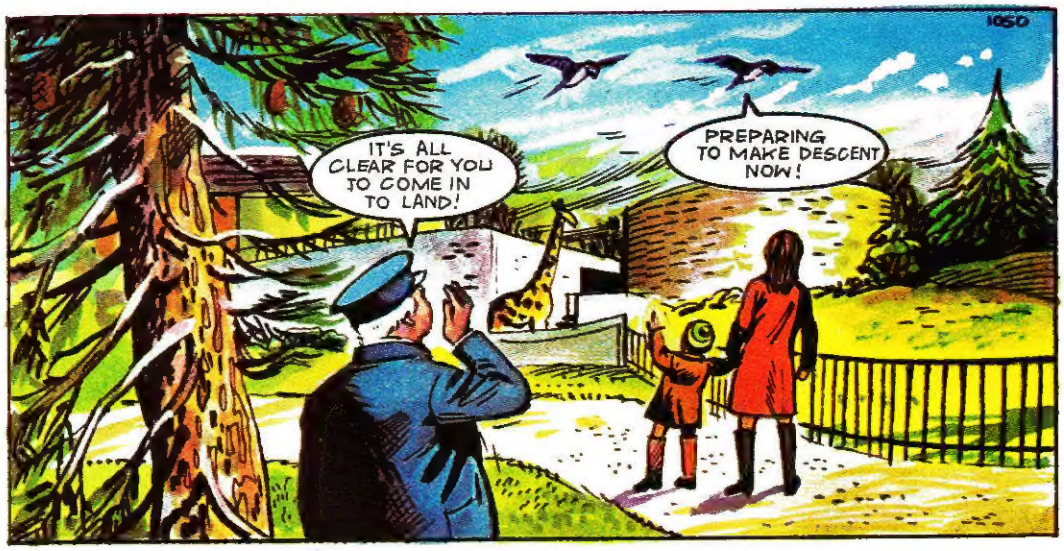

MEANWHILE...
TE! HE! JUST LOOK AT THE NERVE OF THAT GIRL... THE FIRST PERSON TO DO A COOKERY PROGRAMME IN SPACE!
YOU'RE THE TOAST OF THE PLANET EARTH, NELLY! TE! HE! HE!

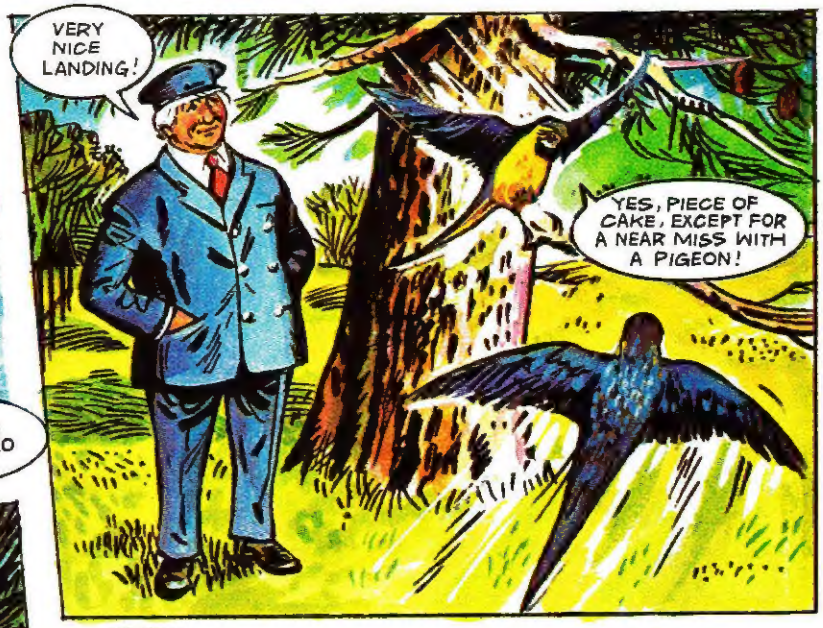


Next week, Nelly scores a clear round of laughs—show-jumping

Johnny Morris's ANIMAL MAGIC

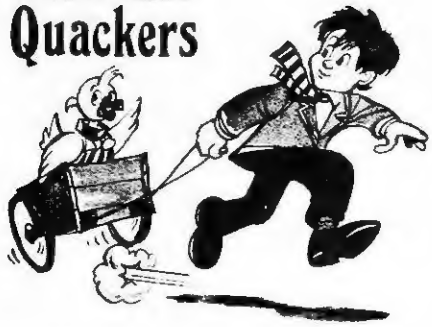
THERE are some macaws at the zoo that do not live in cages. They are known as free-flying macaws. They fly around the gardens and sleep in barrels in the trees.





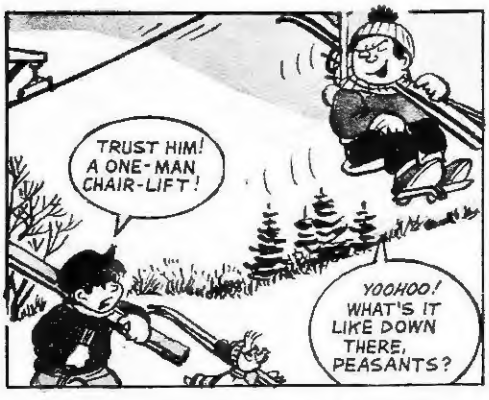
You musk not miss the Musk Ox next week.

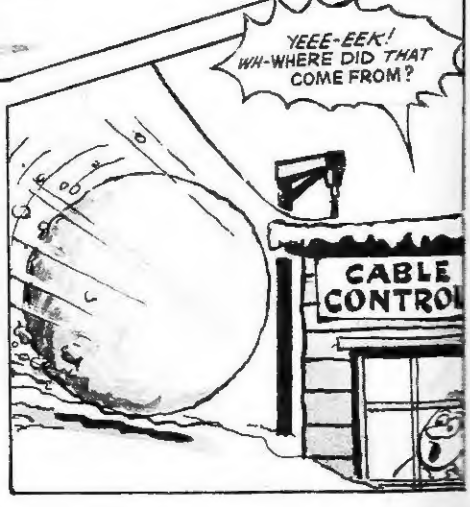
Tich and Quackers

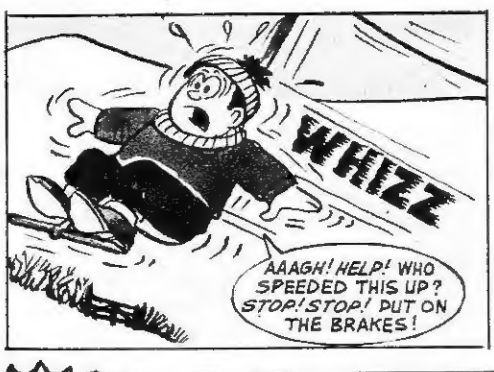


YOW! LOOK, TICH! A NEW CHAIR LIFT... THAT'LL SAVE US PLODDING BACK UP THE SLOPES!
BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE ONLY ONE CHAIR, QUACKERS!
1050

THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S FOR ME... THIS IS MY OWN PERSONAL CHAIR LIFT! NO ONE ELSE IS ALLOWED ON IT!
OH, NO! IT'S PERCY'S! WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, TICH!







THAT'S THE THIRD TIME PERCY'S BEEN UP TO THE TOP AND DOWN AGAIN SINCE WE STARTED! HA! HA! HA!
HEE-ELP!
YOU'RE HAVING YOUR UPS AND DOWNS TODAY, PERCY! HO! HO!

WAAAH! STOP THIS THING, SOB! STOP IT!
ZOOM!
WHIZZ!
TEE! HEE!
SORRY, MASTER PERCY! THE CONTROL'S ARE JAMMED SOLID! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR A REPAIR MAN TO COME FROM TOWN!
GOOD NIGHT, PERCY... WE'LL COME BACK AND GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHAIR-LIFT IN THE MORNING — A WHEELCHAIR LIFT HO! HO!

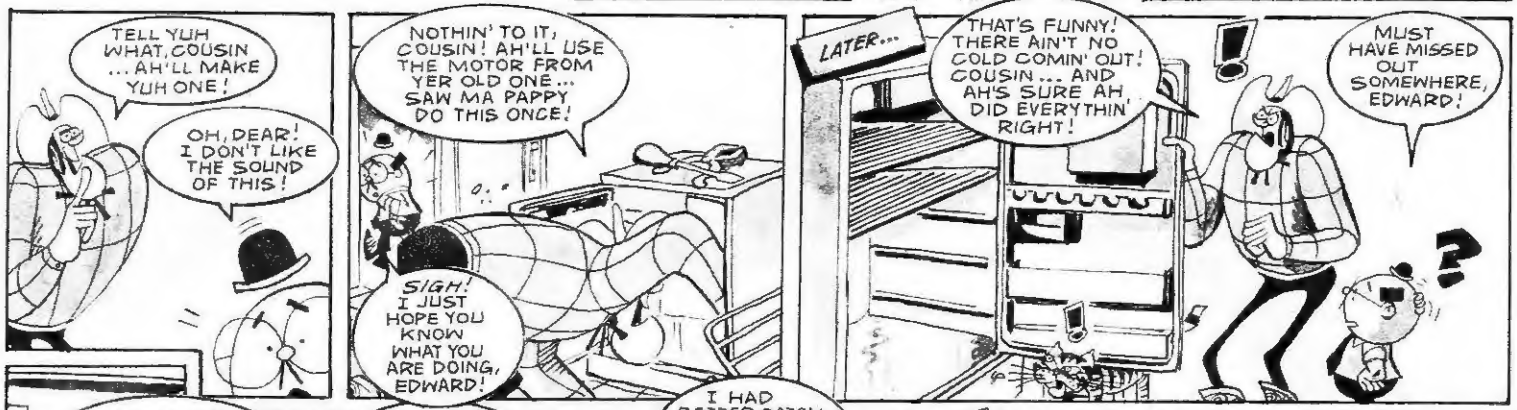
© Ray Alan Enterprises 1972, based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

Funny money problems for Percy next week.

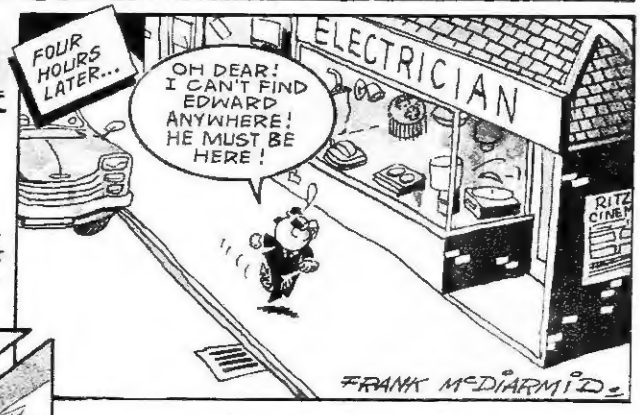
TEXAS TED

Big hat, big head

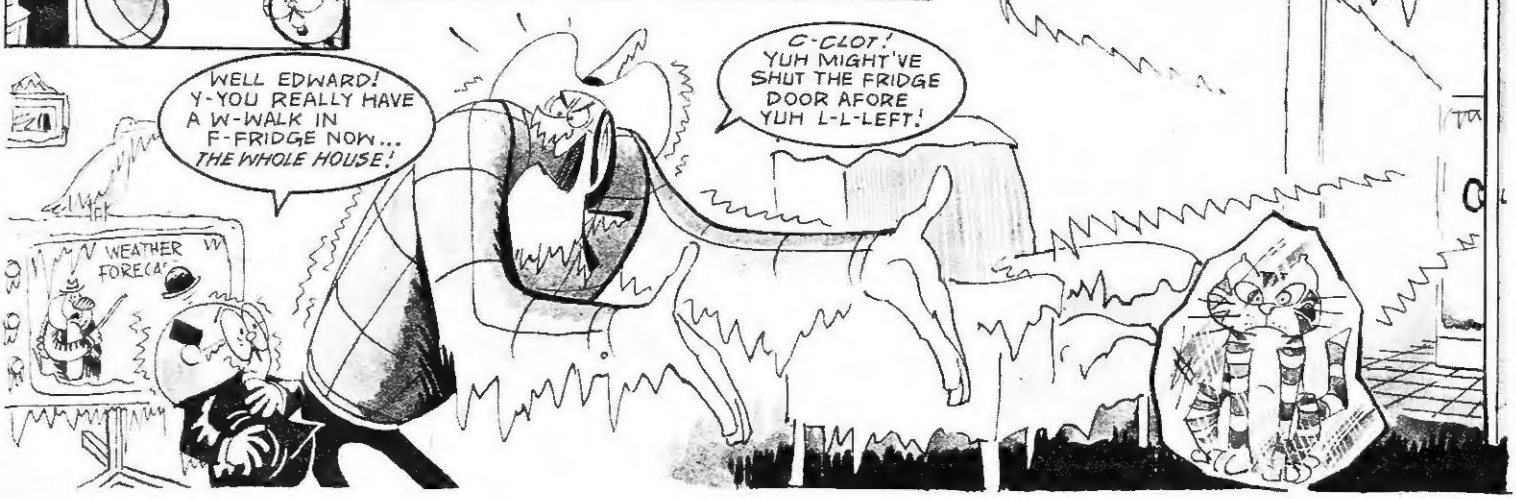
1050
FETCH SOME ICE CUBES FROM THE FRIDGE, EDWARD!
ORANGE SQUASH DILUTE TO TASTE
DOGGONE IT, COUSIN, WHEN ARE WE GONNA GIT A DECENT FRIDGE? WHY, BACK HOME THE ICE CUBES ARE BIGGER'N THIS!
IN TEXAS EVERYONE HAS A WALK-IN FRIDGE, COUSIN! WHY DON'T YOU HAVE ONE?
BECAUSE I CAN'T AFFORD ONE, EDWARD ...THAT'S WHY!


TELL YUH WHAT, COUSIN ... AH'LL MAKE YUH ONE!
OH, DEAR! I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS!
NOTHIN' TO IT, COUSIN! AH'LL USE THE MOTOR FROM YER OLD ONE... SAW MA PAPPY DO THIS ONCE!
SIGH! I JUST HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING, EDWARD!
LATER...
THAT'S FUNNY! THERE AIN'T NO COLD COMIN' OUT! COUSIN... AND AH'S SURE AH DID EVERYTHIN' RIGHT!
MUST HAVE MISSED OUT SOMEWHERE, EDWARD!

RECKON AH'LL HAVE T' GIVE THE MOTOR A BOOST! AH'LL NIP INTO TOWN AND GIT THE NECESSARY!
HURRY BACK, EDWARD!
OH, DEAR! NO WONDER IT WASN'T WORKING! EDWARD HAD FORGOTTEN TO SWITCH IT ON!
CLICK
I HAD BETTER CATCH UP WITH EDWARD! AND STOP HIM SPENDING HIS MONEY!

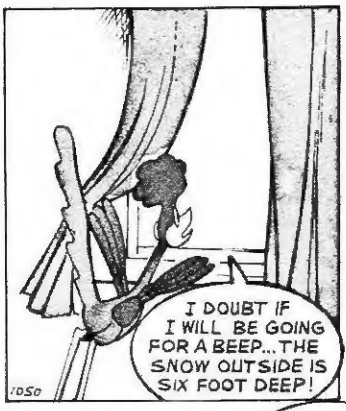


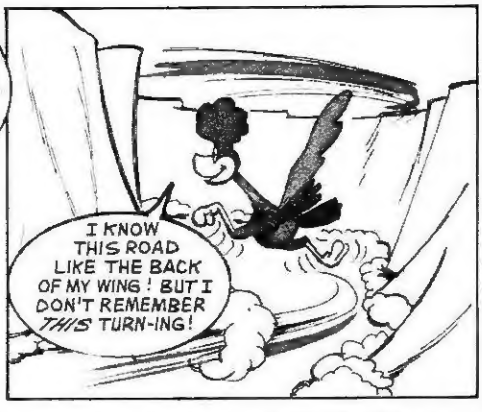
DOGGONE IT! YUH CAN'T GIT NUTHIN' IN THIS COUNTRY! AH'S BIN TO EVERY SHOP IN TOWN AND...
OH, GOODIE! THERE'S EDWARD NOW!
IT'S JUST AS WELL YOU DIDN'T, YOUR FRIDGE IS WORKING!
GREAT STUFF!
YEE-ERK! WH-WHAT'S THAT, CECIL?
ICY BLAST
F-FEELS LIKE COLD AIR TO ME, COUSIN!

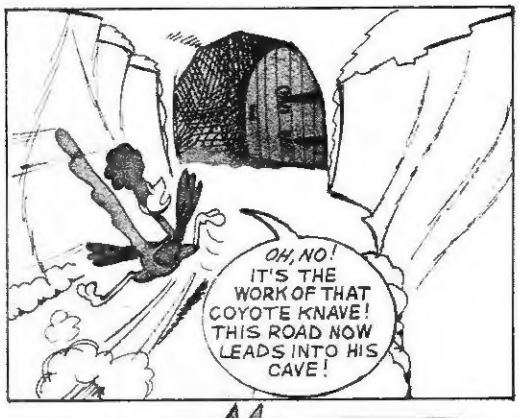

WELL EDWARD! Y-YOU REALLY HAVE A W-WALK IN F-FRIDGE NOW... THE WHOLE HOUSE!
C-CLOT! YUH MIGHT'VE SHUT THE FRIDGE DOOR AFORE YUH L-L-LEFT!
WEATHER FORECA

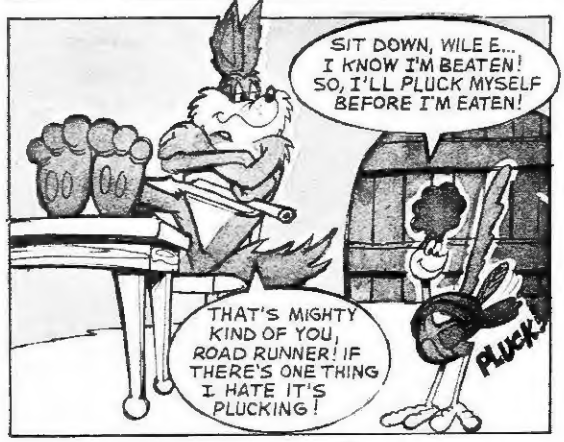
It's not fur on the rabbits, next week. Ted goes shooting !

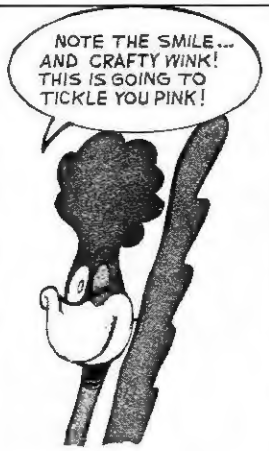
BEEP BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER

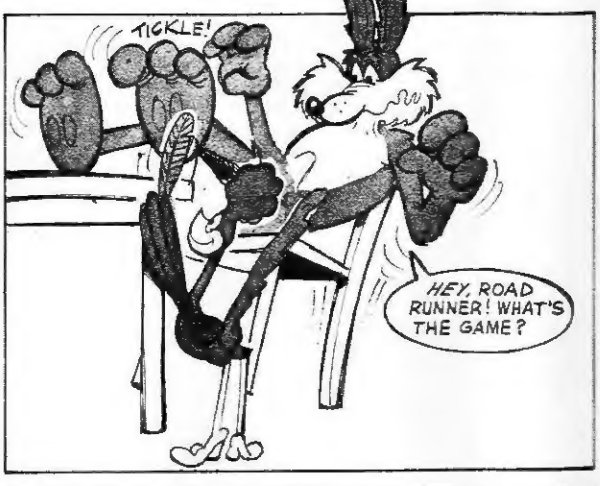


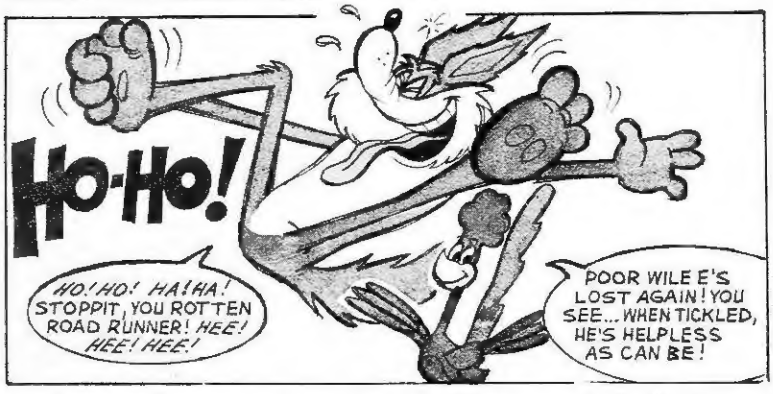





SIT DOWN, WILE E... I KNOW I'M BEATEN! SO, I'LL PLUCK MYSELF BEFORE I'M EATEN!
THAT'S MIGHTY KIND OF YOU, ROAD RUNNER! IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE IT'S PLUCKING!
PLUCK!






Ho-Ho!
HO! HO! HA! HA! STOPPIT, YOU ROTTEN ROAD RUNNER! HEE! HEE! HEE!
POOR WILE E'S LOST AGAIN! YOU SEE... WHEN TICKLED, HE'S HELPLESS AS CAN BE!

MAD CACKLE! GIBBER! HEE! HEE! THAT ROAD RUNNER WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME!
THAT COYOTE RASCAL WAS OUT OF LUCK... HE MET SOMEONE WITH LOTS OF PLUCK! HO! HO!

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Seconds out for a Beep Beep bout next week.

READER'S PAGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Reader's Page,
Polly Perkins House, Paddington Green, 382-386 Edgware Road, London, W.2.
We will pay £1 for any item published.

THE photograph above is of nine-year-old Phillipa White. She was born in Nairobi, Kenya, but now lives in Peterlee in County Durham. Phillipa has lived in this country for seven years and for the last two of them has been a TV Comic reader. Her favourite character is Basil Brush.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

ONE day while I was playing the piano, our cat jumped onto the piano stool. The next thing I knew the cat started playing a duet with me by walking along the keys.

Alison Houiellebecq, Jersey, C.I.

Sounds like you've a real cool cat there, Alison.

Family funnies

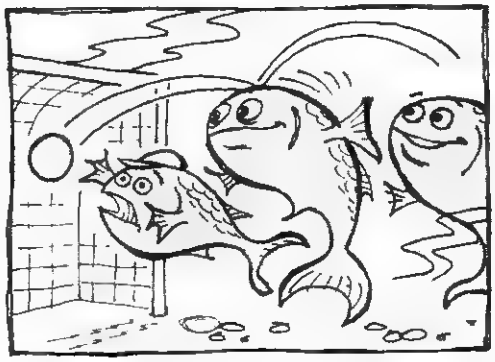
ONE day in the summer my family and I went to the common and we were watching the sun setting when my little brother said "It's a wonder the sun doesn't get dirty sinking into the earth like that." This comment made us all laugh.

Elaine Taylor, Dudley, Worcs.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

I AM 10 years old and I would like to tell you about my three goldfish. Believe it or not, they play football! I throw a little wooden ball into the aquarium and they knock it about with their heads for about 10 minutes!

Michael Kohler, Ilford, Essex.



I suppose if one of your fish scored a goal you could call it a "Golden Shot."

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

I HAVE a pet dog called Taffy. He is a 5-month-old, black and white Border Collie. One day in the summer holiday he got in our shed.

When we found him he was covered in oil. I cleaned him up, but when I had finished he still had black spots, I scrubbed him and washed him but they would not come off. I got a bit worried in case the scrubbing and the washing may affect his skin.

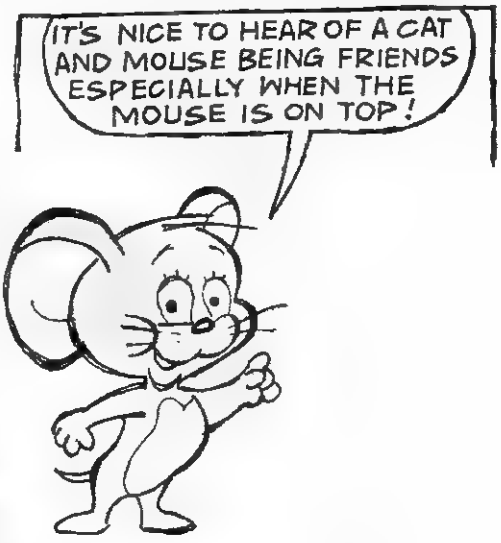
I was wondering if I should take him to the vet. . . . Later in the evening I was looking at a photograph of Taffy when I got him, and I saw the spots were already there.

David E. John, Bootle 10, Lancs.

Well spotted, David!

ONE day when I was at home my pet mouse, from school, was still in his cage. I let him out and found him playing with our cat. The mouse was on the back of the cat and was walking about on the settee. Their names are Punch and Smokey.

Neil Humber, Nuneaton, Staffs.



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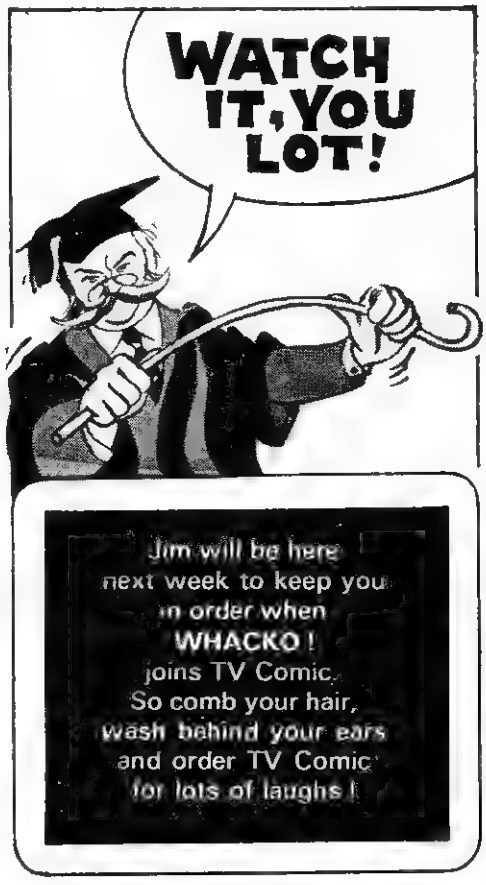

WATCH IT, YOU LOT!
Jim will be here next week to keep you in order when WHACKO! joins TV Comic. So comb your hair, wash behind your ears and order TV Comic for lots of laughs!

BASIL BRUSH

BY JINGO, CHUMMERS! WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO ONE OF THESE RANCH HOLIDAY PLACES FOR THE WEEK-END!

SMASHING, GUV! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TO ONE!

BAR-X

WELCOME TO THE BAR X, MISTER BRUSH! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GREAT FAN OF YOURS!

THANK YOU, SIR! I'M SURE MY BUTLER AND I WILL ENJOY OURSELVES!

I'M DRY, PARD'NER! LET'S GIT OURSELVES A SODA POP!

THE GUV'S REALLY CLUED UP ON HIS WESTERNS! SEE 'OW HE OPENED THAT DOOR!

CRACK!

COME ON, PARD'NER! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT OUT THERE?

YAAAGH!

TWO SODA POPS... ON THE ROCKS!

COMING UP, SIR!

OH, DEAR! I'VE MISSED THEM, CHUMMERS!

NO WONDER, GUV! I DON'T SERVE UP THE DRINKS *LIKE THAT!*

GRAB! GRAB!

SOON....

LUVVUS! THAT BLOKE'S MISSED 26 SODA POPS! CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!

GIVE UP, GUV!

THAT'LL BE TWO POUNDS, SIR!

TWO POUNDS... AND I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A DRINK FROM *ONE* OF THEM!

GOSH! HERE'S HOW TO RECOVER OUR MONEY, CHUMMERS! I'LL RIDE THE BUCKING BRONCO!

OH, NO, GUV! DON'T! DON'T!

RIDE THE — BUCKING BRONCO — AND WIN £5

I KNEW IT! THE GUV'LL NEVER STAY ON!

TOSS!

YEE-EEK!

ER... I THINK I SHOULD LIKE THE SADDLE GIRTHS A LITTLE TIGHTER THIS TIME!

YIPPEE! YAHOO! YAHOO!

YIKES! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE GUV'S STAYING ON!

COR, GUV! THAT WAS GREAT RIDING! HOW DID YER DO IT?

WELL, WE FOXES *DO* HAVE AN ADVANTAGE, CHUMMERS...

... SEE? MY BRUSH HELD ME ON! *HO! HO!*

LUVVUS! IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW 'OW, EH, GUV?

RIGHT, CHUMMERS! LET'S POP INTO THE VILLAGE DOWN THE ROAD NOW!

YOU'RE THE BOSS, GUV!

BAR-X

THIS IS MUCH BETTER... THEY DON'T SLIDE *TEA AND CRUMPETS* ALONG THE COUNTER!

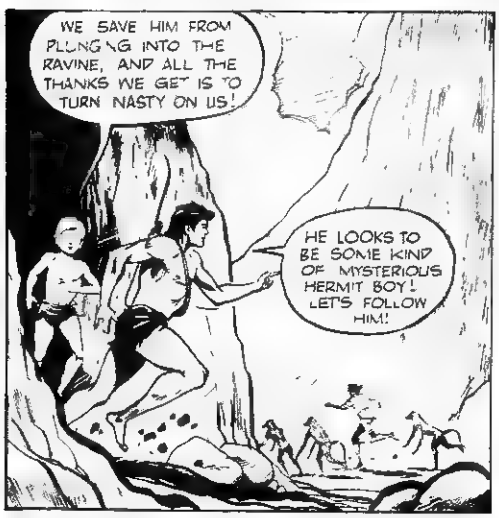
YES, GUV! WESTERN LIVIN'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT A BLOKE'S GOT TO EAT!

PSST! EMILY... I THINK THE TALL ONE'S JOHN WAYNE!

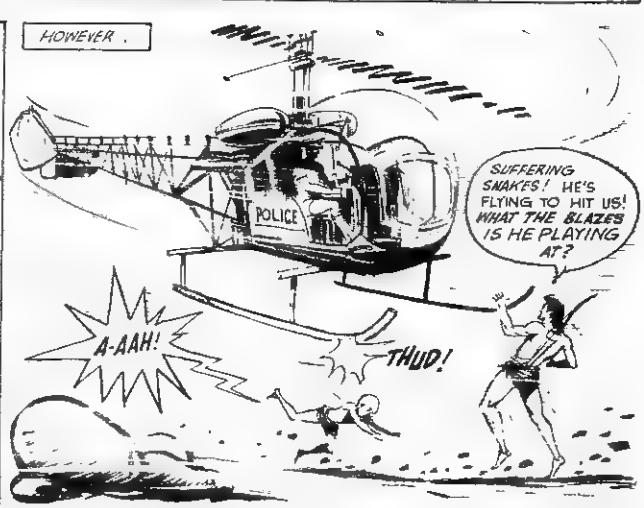
Next week, Basil has a whale of a time with the Eskimos.

THE ADVENTURES OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' TARZAN

A HUNTING expedition has brought Tarzan and Boy to a mountainous region. Tarzan saves the life of a stranger who was being pursued by a helicopter, but then he treacherously sets a pack of ferocious baboons on them. . .


WE SAVE HIM FROM PLUNGING INTO THE RAVINE, AND ALL THE THANKS WE GET IS TO TURN NASTY ON US!
HE LOOKS TO BE SOME KIND OF MYSTERIOUS HERMIT BOY! LET'S FOLLOW HIM!

SOON, WITHIN THE MOUNTAINS...
WOW! WHAT A PLACE. THE RICHLY VEGETATED PLAIN THE NATIVES TALK ABOUT, BUT PARENT SETTLE BECAUSE OF FIERCE BABOONS!
NO TIME TO ADMIRE THE SCENERY BOY! COME ON, WE'RE CATCHING UP!



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Can Tarzan survive this new danger ? See next week.

Deputy Dawg
BRR! IT UM HEAP P-PLENTY C-COLD, SQUAW!
UM YES, HUBBY! THIS UM WIGWAM WON'T LAST UM WINTER!
1050
SO...
COME, SQUAW! WE BUY UM NEW ONE AT UM STORE!
GENERAL STORE
HERE WE ARE, CHIEFY... THE VERY LATEST! TOP-QUALITY PLASTIC WIGWAM! IT'S ALL I STOCK NOW!
PLASTIC! YEEK! YOU BE TELLING ME NEXT YOU STOCK UM PLASTIC TOTEM POLES!
YOUR DELIVERY OF PLASTIC TOTEM POLES, HANK...TWO DOZEN!
BAH! ME KNOW WHERE ME CAN GET UM GENUINE BUFFALO-HIDE WIGWAM!
LATER...
DEPUTY...SOME THIEF UM PINCH MY WIGWAM! AND I THINKUM I KNOW WHO IT WAS!
H'MM! WE HAD BETTER GO AND SEE THE RASCAL THEN, CHIEFY!
THAT MY UM WIGWAM, DEPUTY! CHIEF RUNNING-FAT PINCH IT!
UM NUTS! IT UM MINE!
CAN YOU IDENTIFY IT, CHIEF?
OF COURSE ME CAN, DEPUTY...THAT MY UM LAUNDRY MARK!
TOWN 18772 LAUNDRY
WELL, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY ABOUT THAT, CHIEFY?
LAUNDRYMAN MAKE MISTAKE AND GIVE ME WRONG LAUNDRY MARK! YOU KNOW PALEFACES... THEY THINK ALL INDIANS LOOK ALIKE!
LOOKALIKE? BUT YOU'RE N-NOTHING LIKE EACH OTHER!
ME...UM ER. .PUT ON UM LOT OF WEIGHT SINCE ME BEEN TO LAUNDRY LAST!
ISN'T THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU CAN IDENTIFY YOUR WIGWAM BY, CHIEF?
YES, DEPUTY..
INSIDE THE WIGWAM...
...UM RASCAL PINCH IT WHEN I WAS IN UM MIDDLE OF WALLPAPERING!
I THINK THAT SETTLES IT! YOU HAVE BEEN TELLING LITTLE RED LIES!
WELL... UM, ER... GULP!
JUSTICE UM DONE!
ME WAS ONLY TRYING TO KEEP WARM' OLD WIGWAM FULL OF HOLES AND ME NOT BE SEEN DEAD IN UM PLASTIC ONE!
H'MMM! I THINK I CAN HELP YOU THERE!
B GLENNARD
BAH! PALEFACE FUNNY GUY! I BET UM PRISON BARS NOT UM PLASTIC!
STOP COMPLAINING, HUBBY! IT BE UM NICE AND COSY FOR UM WINTER!

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For the top TV fun—TV Comic.

GRASSHOPPER ISLAND

AMELIA BUTTON'S visit to her brother is coming to an end. She has to leave Grasshopper Island and go back to the school where she is Headmistress.

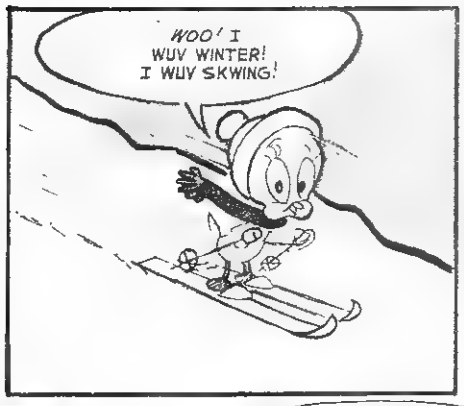
I'VE THOUGHT IT ALL OUT, CORNELIUS DEAR. WE'LL MAKE A CAMP FOR THEM IN THAT OLD HUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND!
SURELY IT'S TOO DIRTY?

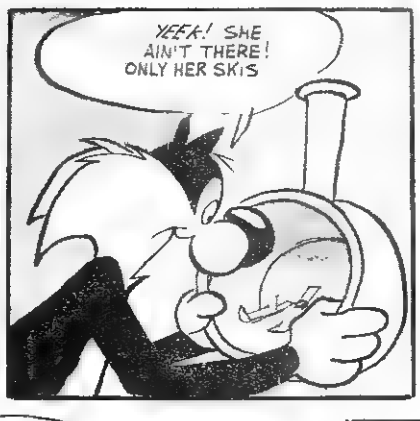
© Grasshopper Productions Ltd.

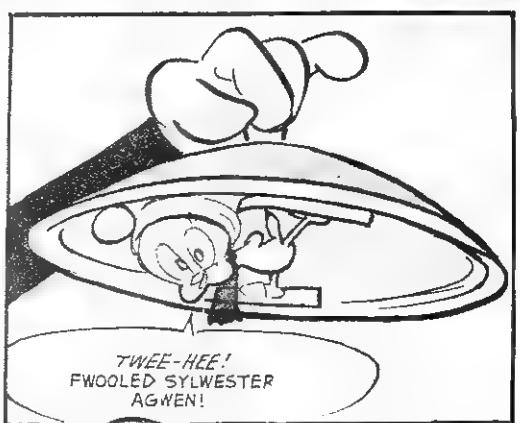
How can Lupus and the boys stop Amelia ?

THE BUGS BUNNY SHOW

HANDLE WITH CARE







WAAH! COME BACK, BIRDIE! COME BACK! IT MUST BE MY TURN TO WIN! THE LAW OF AVERAGES NEVER THINKS ABOUT THIS CAT!
POOR SYLWESTER'S NO PWOBLEM! AS WONG AS YOU KNOW HOW TO HWANDLE HIM! TWEE-HEE!

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More crazy cartoons next week, folks!

Three new cars you won't be seeing at next year's Motor Show.

Basil Brush's Car.
It's the Corgi version of the car he drives on TV—a 1910 vintage Renault.
Inside sits Basil, in green motoring scarf. With every car, you also get a tiny tape in a box. Pull the tape, and you get a sound just like Basil's laugh.

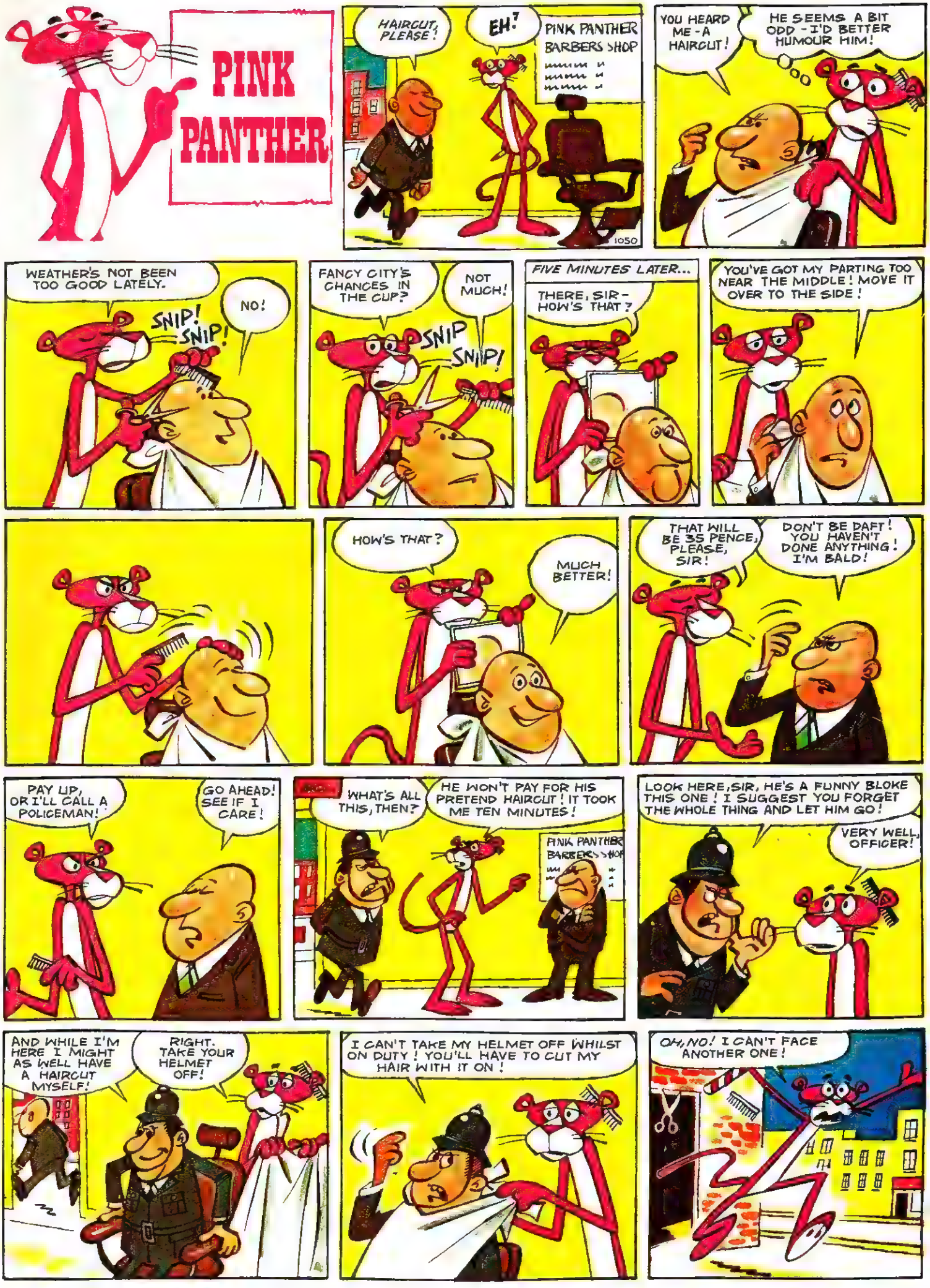
The "Wild Honey" Dragster.
It's a scale model of the hottest little dragster the Ison brothers have ever made.
It's a 1935 Austin Ruby powered with a Jaguar engine. Top speed over a quarter of a mile: 99.06 m.p.h.

Fire Bug.
It's a model Beach Buggy, but it's fully equipped for putting out a blaze—including two tiny sliding ladders.

CORGI TOYS

Tested by the Corgi Technocrats

THREE MORE CARS IN THE CORGI TOY RANGE. SEE THEM AT YOUR LOCAL TOYSHOP NOW.

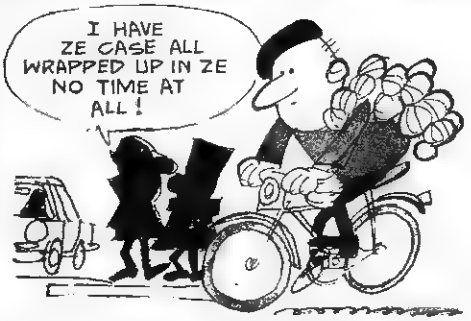

PINK PANTHER
HAIRCUT, PLEASE!
EH?
PINK PANTHER BARBERS SHOP
1050
YOU HEARD ME - A HAIRCUT!
HE SEEMS A BIT ODD - I'D BETTER HUMOUR HIM!
WEATHER'S NOT BEEN TOO GOOD LATELY.
SNIP! SNIP!
NO!
FANCY CITY'S CHANCES IN THE CUP?
SNIP SNIP!
NOT MUCH!
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
THERE, SIR - HOW'S THAT?
YOU'VE GOT MY PARTING TOO NEAR THE MIDDLE! MOVE IT OVER TO THE SIDE!
HOW'S THAT?
MUCH BETTER!
THAT WILL BE 35 PENCE, PLEASE, SIR!
DON'T BE DAFT! YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING! I'M BALD!
PAY UP, OR I'LL CALL A POLICEMAN!
GO AHEAD! SEE IF I CARE!
WHAT'S ALL THIS, THEN?
HE WON'T PAY FOR HIS PRETEND HAIRCUT! IT TOOK ME TEN MINUTES!
PINK PANTHER BARBERS SHOP
LOOK HERE, SIR, HE'S A FUNNY BLOKE THIS ONE! I SUGGEST YOU FORGET THE WHOLE THING AND LET HIM GO!
VERY WELL, OFFICER!
AND WHILE I'M HERE I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A HAIRCUT MYSELF!
RIGHT. TAKE YOUR HELMET OFF!
I CAN'T TAKE MY HELMET OFF WHILST ON DUTY! YOU'LL HAVE TO CUT MY HAIR WITH IT ON!
OH, NO! I CAN'T FACE ANOTHER ONE!

© Mirisch-Geoffrey-D-F 1964

Pink Panther fusses on the buses next week.

Ze Inspector

I WOULD LIKE YOU TO INVESTIGATE A SHOPLIFTING AT NO. 10 RUE DE MAGASINS, INSPECTOR!
I SHALL SEE TO EET RIGHT AWAY, COMMISSIONER!
1050



EXCUSE ME, MONSIEUR, BUT HAVE YOU SEEN ANYONE WITH ZE SHOP UP ZE JUMPER?
ZE WHAT?
SIGH! SO MUCH FOR ZE SIMPLE CASE OF ZE SHOPLIFTING!

© Mirisch-Geoffrey-D-F 1964

READER'S JOKES

Colin January—Slough, Bucks

Richard Lloyd—Pembs, S. Wales.

David Cox—Godalming, Surrey

Martin Woodrow—London, SE16

Larry Harmon's
Laurel & Hardy
© 1972 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation
HO HUM! BROKE AND OUT OF WORK AS USUAL!
GLOOM
HEY, OLLIE! A TOUGH GUY LIKE YOU COULD MAKE A FORTUNE PRIZE FIGHTING!
GYMNASIUM
GOOD
BOXERS
APPLY
WITHIN
HMM! THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA!
1050
A FEW DAYS LATER...
PUFF! I'M IN TERRIFIC SHAPE, STAN! CAN'T WAIT FOR MY FIRST BIG CONTEST TONIGHT!
IT'S WORTH FIFTY POUNDS TO US IF YOU WIN, OLLIE!
PUMMEL!
Biff!
POUND!
TIME FOR THE WEIGH IN, OLLIE! YOU'LL GET A CHANCE TO MEET YOUR OPPONENT FOR THE FIRST FIGHT!
SCALES
GOLLY! THAT MUST BE HIM NOW!
GULP! I'VE SEEN THE WEIGH IN... NOW FOR GOODNESS SAKE SOMEONE SHOW ME THE WEIGH OUT!
THERE'S NO BACKING OUT, OLLIE... WE'LL FACE A FINE IF WE LET THE PROMOTER DOWN!
AND SO... THINGS AREN'T THAT HOPELESS, OLLIE! MAYBE HE'LL FAINT AT THE SIGHT OF YOUR FIRST NOSE BLEED!
DING!
OH, NO! I'VE GONE AND LOST MY GLOVE WITH THE FIRST SWIPE OF THE FIGHT!
SWIPE! WHIZZZ
BIFF!
OOPH!
YOU GREAT BRUTE! I'LL TEACH YOU! GRR!
DODGE!
TAKE THAT!
GNN!
KLUNK!
DUE TO HIS OPPONENTS INABILITY TO CONTINUE, OLLIE IS THE WINNER BY A WALK-OVER!
WHOOPEE! OLLIE'S GOT FIFTY POUNDS IN HIS WALLET WITHOUT TAKING A SINGLE POUND IN THE TUMMY! BROLLY GOOD SHOW!

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ONE hot day, tempers run short in the directors' board-room at the headquarters of the mammoth Global Oil Company in Sydney.

1050
OUR OIL TANKERS MUST BE RE-ROUTED, NATHAN!
CONFOUND IT, QUAIL, I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, I WILL NOT HAVE THEM CROSSING WARATAH NATIONAL PARK!

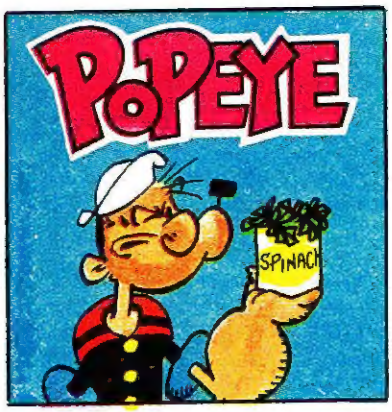
IF THEY DON'T, IT WILL ADD TEN HOURS TO THEIR JOURNEY, AND THAT MEANS HIGH TRANSPORT COSTS!
QUAIL IS RIGHT, NATHAN. RUNNING OUR NEW GIANT TANKERS COSTS A FORTUNE!

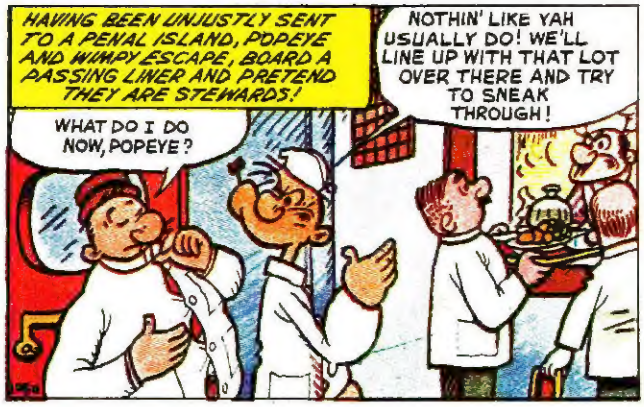
CHIEF RANGER HAMMOND HAS ALSO PROTESTED STRONGLY AGAINST THE SCHEME!
HE BELIEVES OUR TANKERS WILL UPSET SOME OF HIS ANIMALS!

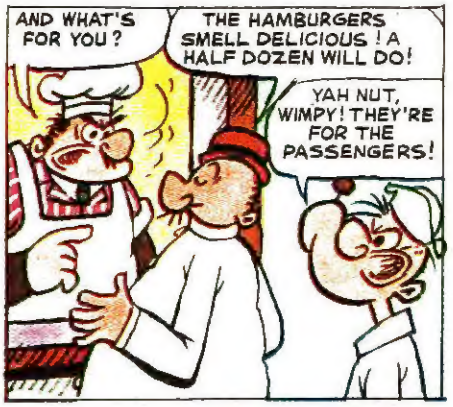
GREAT GRIEF! WE'RE RUNNIN' THIS COMPANY TO MAKE PROFITS. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET THE DISLIKES OF A FEW WRETCHED ANIMALS STAND IN OUR WAY!

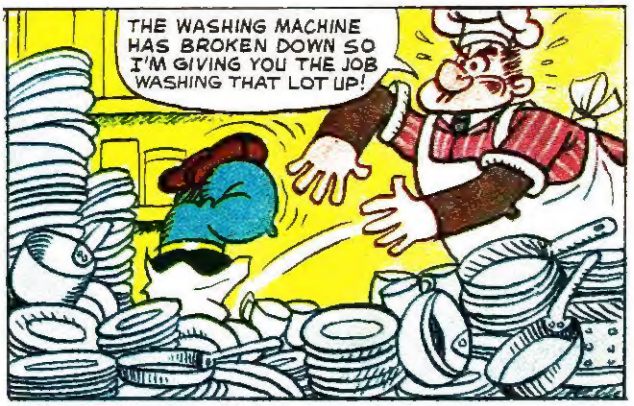
RUBBISH - I'VE ALWAYS BEEN AS FIT AS A FLEA!
MAYBE, BUT YOU'RE NOT AS YOUNG AS YOU WERE. I PRESCRIBE A FEW WEEKS REST IN THE FRESH AIR FOR YOU!
WELL, I'LL HAVE A FEW HOURS OF IT, ANYWAY. I'LL DRIVE OUT TO WARATAH NATIONAL PARK NOW!
MR ARMSTRONG, YOU MUSTN'T GO OUT THERE ALONE! YOU'RE NOT FIT TO DRIVE!
DON'T FUSS, MARY- I'M NOT AN INVALID. HAVE MY CAR BROUGHT ROUND TO THE MAIN DOOR!
IT'S NO USE ARGUING WITH HIM...
STUBBORN OLD GOAT. HE WON'T LISTEN TO COMMON SENSE!
WELL, HE'LL HAVE TO LISTEN TO ME. I'M DETERMINED TO RE-ROUTE OUR TANKERS ACROSS THAT PARK!
WHILE AT WARATAH NATIONAL PARK...
POOR OLD WOMBAT!
HE WOULDN'T BE OUT HERE IN DAYLIGHT IF HE WASN'T DESPERATE FOR WATER!
IF THIS DROUGHT CONTINUES, WE'LL LOSE A LOT OF ANIMALS, WON'T WE, DAD?
I'M AFRAID SO. THEY'LL DIE OR WANDER OFF THE RESERVE IN THEIR SEARCH FOR WATER!
AND THEN...
OH!
DAD - ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HE HURT MY WRIST, SONNY, BUT IT WAS MY OWN FAULT. THE POOR OLD CHAP WAS SCARED STIFF AND I SHOULDN'T HAVE GOT SO CLOSE...
...AND REMEMBERED THAT A WOMBAT CAN KICK LIKE A PACK-MULE!
WE'LL GET THE FLYING DOCTOR TO LOOK AT THAT WRIST FOR YOU, DAD! COME ON!

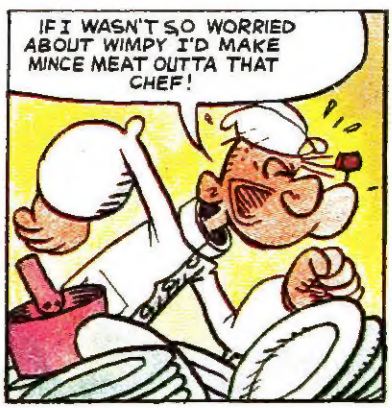
The adventure continues next week.

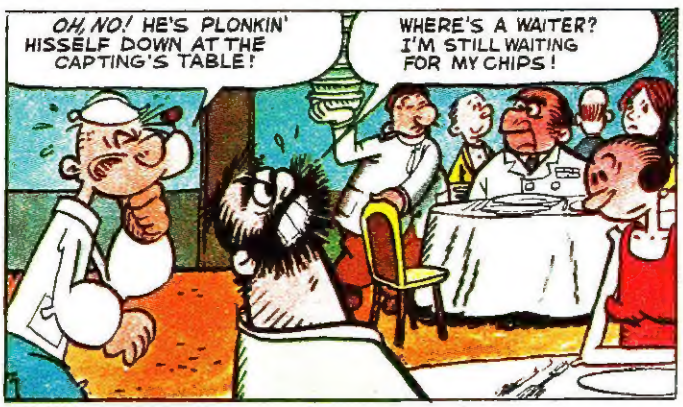


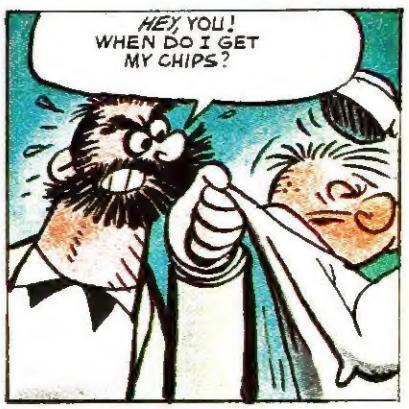

HAVING BEEN UNJUSTLY SENT TO A PENAL ISLAND, POPEYE AND WIMPY ESCAPE, BOARD A PASSING LINER AND PRETEND THEY ARE STEWARDS!
WHAT DO I DO NOW, POPEYE?
NOTHIN' LIKE YAH USUALLY DO! WE'LL LINE UP WITH THAT LOT OVER THERE AND TRY TO SNEAK THROUGH!

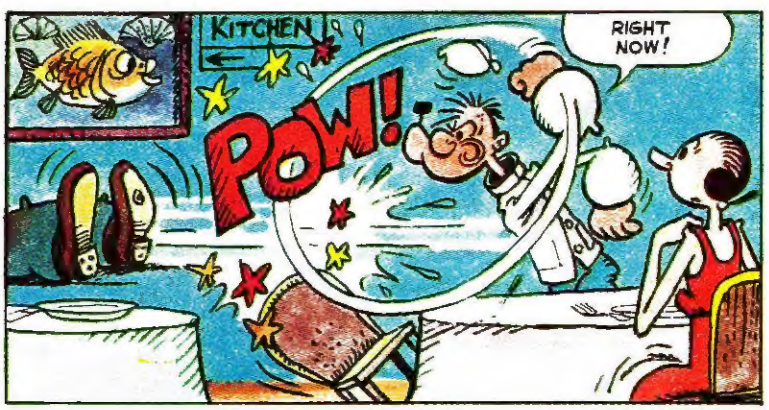


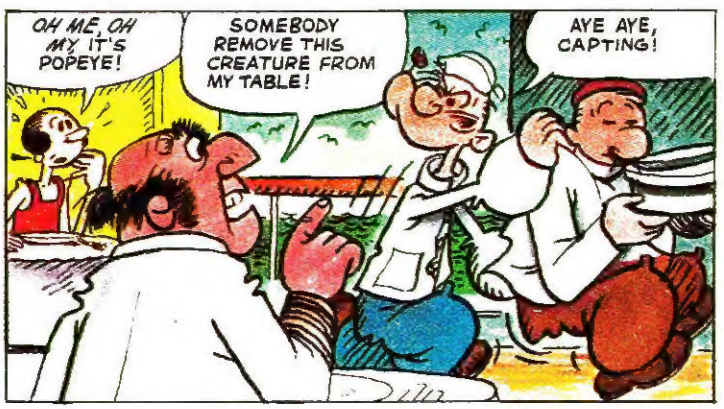


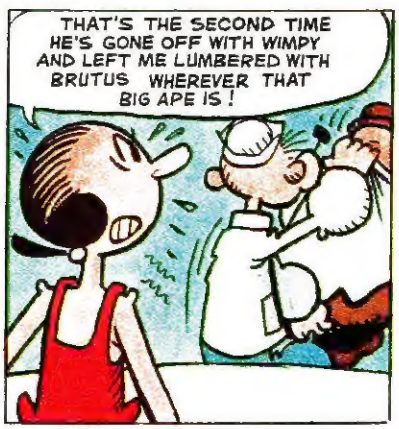


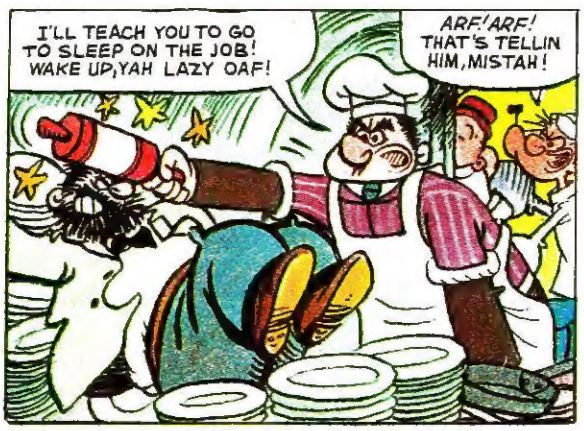


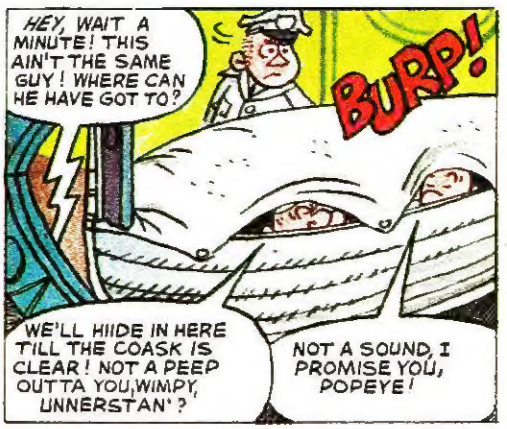











HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! THIS AIN'T THE SAME GUY! WHERE CAN HE HAVE GOT TO?
BURP!
WE'LL HIIDE IN HERE TILL THE COAST IS CLEAR! NOT A PEEP OUTTA YOU, WIMPY, UNNERSTAN'?
NOT A SOUND, I PROMISE YOU, POPEYE!

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Next week, Popeye to the rescue.